

Poetry Series

Rosemarie Rowley
- poems -

Publication Date:

2006

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rosemarie Rowley()

Born and educated Dublin, where she lives at present.

Has published 5 books of poetry, and won international awards for her epic poems.

Anchorite At The Gate Of Heaven

Not heeding brute reality, nor matter's bane
I kneel at the door of heaven, a suppliant,
Transcribing words of wisdom, like the rain
On wild flowers; the garden's hierophant:

Anointed, a habit on my body's beauty
I lie in the threshold of my tryst with God -
The first flight from earth being my duty
Becoming His perfect mean and golden rod,

I cool my heels in a dank, dark cell
Where half-light becomes my element
God's plenty in motes, with the music of the bell
A love feast of the penitent.

I rise on wings of thankfulness and praise,
Sing out in silence the glory of His ways.

Rosemarie Rowley

Better Half

I feel his presence as if he stood before me
My thoughts are tea-leaves only he can read
A brain scan shows I want him to adore me
While my heart shows for him my wanton need.

I trawl through the day, he could never bore me
I think of him even when I bleed
Heart of my heart, friend to never score me
Necklace of desire, bead after bead -

He knows my ways, how to love and shore me;
His speech shows me where and how to lead;
He never hurts, his will would never core me,
Or leave me hungry where I want to feed:

At times we see ourselves, strange and rude -
Clasp each other, beautiful and nude.

Rosemarie Rowley

Child At The Botanic Gardens

To make a phrase numismate, it was
A day of days. My darling ran
Under the boughs of covert loss
Until God made his presence scan,

Like a metre of bright wave, the sin
Of our hearts, and I could count each blotch
Of love as I gazed upward through the din
In my breath hiding from His scotch -

But He had kind words rain on me
And the sun came out and healed the welts and hurt
Till my sadness slipped down the vast tree-
Trunks, and fell like stockings on the dirt

And slaps of time, and grubby days when He
Was absent. My son says He lives in every tree.

Rosemarie Rowley

Hot Cinquefoil Star

Do not come shedding into my smitten whorl,
Come far away along a-dancing with me
Let's darken a sky darker than child's eyes
In a stormy, immutable pattern,
Along the ways of night I long to call you,
In tree-filled lanes we'll gather to ourselves
Hot shells for warmth, hot cinquefoil star.

I have been missing for several days now,
Because the moon, the night's guide
Has cast its shadow over my aureole.

O, to die of the sense that everything is equal
To polish each rim of the opalescent nail,
Tearing the banks of the Rubicon,
Where I would gild my tongue,
Where I would bathe mine eye.
Information, how you have defamed
Those woodland paths where feet make echo
Of the dim eves of eternity, if history is
An attempt to manifest God.

1965-68

Rosemarie Rowley

The Amazons Meet The Greeks

When life was thick with possibility,
Before the written word and the weighing scales,
Your definitions held too much probity
In the rich seamless embroidery of our tales.

Our vanished mystery, which your history sealed
Up in the libraries of the planet's scar.
So what way to better wield a shield?
You men just skirt the theory of war!

Words became deeds – there were forests to lop!
Hard iron entered body and soul
I cherished my child as a cosmic tear-drop
Bound to osmosis in the ocean's roll,

And took the sword, and chopped my source and dower
Because you underestimated female power.

Rosemarie Rowley

The Longing

I am free at last to be silent, to lap
In the quiet of your promise of promise
Like the pear tree in the garden which feels
But does not ask, why such beauty here?

On rainy monsoon days locked in
Wanting to explore the sea and the galaxy,
The tree beseechingly asking the rain,
That I may not be gauged from your gaze,

To be by one companion remembered,
Name scratched out on the asylum walls.
As I was cancelling out ideals
I saw in the forest the tumult of life.

The remorse of a nymph once a virgin,
The stars were there, but of accidental origin.

Rosemarie Rowley